Euen in theſe honeſt meane habiliments:
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkeſt clouds,
So honor peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
Becauſe his feathers are more beautifull:
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Becauſe his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no *Kate*: neither art thou the worſe
For this poore furniture and meane array.
If thou accounteſt it ſhame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolike, we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport vs at thy fathers houſe,
Go call my men, and let vs ſtraight to him,
And bring our horſes vnto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's ſee, I thinke 'tis now ſome ſeuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.
Kate. I dare aſſure you ſir, 'tis almoſt two,
And 'twill be ſupper time ere you come there.
Pet. It ſhall be ſeuen ere I go to horſe:
Looke what I ſpeake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are ſtill croſſing it, ſirs let 't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It ſhall be what a clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why ſo this Gallant will command the ſunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dreſt like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the houſe, pleaſe it you that I call.
Ped. I what elſe, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Neere twenty yeares a goe in *Genoa*.
Tra. Where wee were Lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*,
'Tis well, and hold your owne in any caſe
With ſuch auſteritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but ſir here comes your boy,

'Twere

'Twere good he weere ſchool'd.
Tra. Feare you not him: ſirra *Biondello*,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduiſe you:
Imagine 'twere the righ *Vincentio*.
Bion. Tut, feare not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta*.
Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Heere comes *Baptiſta*: ſet your countenance ſir.

Enter Baptiſta and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta* you are happilie met:
Sir, this is the Gentleman I told you of,
I pray you ſtand good father to me now,
Giue me *Bianca* for my Patrimony.
Ped. Soft ſon: ſir by your leaue, hauing come to T
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waightie cauſe
Of loue betweene your daughter and himſelfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhee to him: to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care.
To haue him matcht, and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe then I vpon ſome agreement
Me ſhall you finde readie and willing
With one conſent to haue her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I heare ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to ſay,
Your plainneſſe and your ſhortneſſe pleaſe me well
Right true it is your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter, and ſhe loueth him
Or both diſſemble deepely their affections:
And therefore if you ſay no more then this,
That like a father you will deale with him,
And paſſe my daughter a ſufficient dower,